

Press-Herald

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Some Lessons Learned

It has been a long time coming—in fact, there are some who were ready to resign the battle.

There are signs, however, that the professional educator is having second thoughts about the philosophy that has pervaded the educational field for a generation or so, the philosophy that only professional educationist knew what Johnny should be learning and that the concerned parent was clearly out of his field.

Teachers attending the orientation session here Monday heard Dr. J. H. Hull, superintendent of the Torrance schools, urge them not to permit "professional pomposity get in the way of common sense in education."

Those words would have been considered heretical to the profession just a few short years ago, and in many circles may yet be so considered.

The superintendent went on to remind the more than 1,500 Torrance teachers of the success of the district's remedial reading program—something parents were concerned about long before most professional educationists.

Those who remember some of the struggles in recent years, given national attention in such widely read series as "Why Johnny Can't Read," can take heart in the admission that the layman sometimes can be right.

We can all be hopeful that those who bought the gobbledy-gook that spewed from the nation's leading educationist are ready to agree with Dr. Hull that the professional may not have all the answers all the time.

Assurance Bill: \$7,370

The vacillating Mr. Sciarrotta did it again last Tuesday.

The city's foremost practitioner of gurgling out of both sides of his mouth reached a new high when it came time to be counted on the ballot measure to return selection of the mayor to the City Council. He stood firmly on both sides.

Although stating he was in favor of retaining the present system, he nonetheless voted to spend the money necessary to conduct the special election. That's what is known as \$7,370 worth of assurance.

And the taxpayer picks up the tab for such bold fearless action, of course.

Opinions of Others

If you had an old busteroo of a day on the job, it might soothe the things if you compared our system with the way the Russians handle employment. Propagandists claim there's no unemployment, of course, and also boast that for the past 10 years workers have had the freedom of quitting by giving two-weeks' notice. Under the surface, these claims prove not quite true.

A jobless worker can be arrested as a "parasite" and exiled to remote areas such as Siberia for two to five years if he holds no job, lives on unearned income or engages in a forbidden business. Feel better?—Selma (Ala.) Times Journal.

This is the "enlightened society" . . . a transient methodically kills eight student nurses in Chicago while closer to home an apparently deranged young father assaults a young cerebral palsy victim. Even though we're supposedly an intelligent people, crime is rampant. And probably because of a shift in moral values, gone are the inhibitions that made each of us more responsible a generation ago. Today, individual "freedom" reigns supreme. . . . Defiance of law and order is condoned, even encouraged by high government officials in this country as a means of correcting social wrongs.—Garrison (N.D.) Independent.

You Bet Your Life



"Anybody who goes out on a night like this ought to have his head examined."



The Travelers Safety Service

Four out of five personal injury accidents occur on dry roads and in clear weather.

And Thereby Hangs A Tail



JAMES DORAIS

President's Club Highly Successful Fund Raiser

The Republican party is trying hard to make an issue of the President's Club, the Democratic party's highly successful fund raising gimmick, charging that the dues members pay entitle them to improper political influence.

Whether the GOP can make the charge stick remains to be seen. But one thing is certain: the President's Club is a phenomenally successful financial venture.

Begun by President Kennedy to help pay off the 1960 campaign deficit, the Club has become the most important source of Democratic party income.

Club membership reached a high of more than 4,000 during the 1964 election campaign and has never been less than 1,500 since. Since the 1964 election, Club dues have netted approximately \$2,200,000, and in the first five months of 1966 alone have totalled \$1,042,853.

The anyone-is-welcome eligibility policy is highly democratic, to be sure. But it led to the embarrassing disclosure recently that one member, J. Edward Martin—his brother and their wives contributed \$12,000 last April—is a leader of the John Birch Society in Southern California. Not only that, he is a member of the State Republican Central Committee.

What does Club membership entitle one to? Members receive a silver-embossed membership card, autographed photo of the President, letters from party headquarters on posh President's Club stationery, invitations to an annual banquet or cocktail party with the President and Vice-President, and the opportunity to attend private briefing sessions with party big-wigs such as Presidential press secretary Moyers, Defense Secretary McNamara, or U. N. Ambassador Goldberg. "Anyone joining the President's Club to have influ-

ence is bound to be disappointed," declares Arthur Krim, Democratic finance-committee chairman.

The GOP, on the other hand, points to three recent incidents to support its charges of political influence:

• Shortly after executives of Anheuser-Busch gave \$10,000 to the Club, the Justice Department dropped an anti-trust suit against the company.

• Although Job Corps experts suggested the names of four other companies as qualified to oversee preparations for Job Corps sites, the contract was awarded to the Office of Economic Opportunity to another company, whose senior vice-president is a \$3,000 contributor to the Club.

• Three days after the House killed funds for the earth-drilling venture, Project Mohole, the family of the board chairman of the Project's prime contractor contributed \$23,000 to the Club. Five days later, the President urged that funds for the Project be restored; his wishes were heeded by the Senate, but not by the House.

We Quote . . .

The move to find work for all is exceeded by those who are not all for work.—Don Major in the Thurston County (Wash.) Independent.

When you help someone up hill, you are closer to the top.—Frank Bridges in the Smithville (Texas) Times.

While the congress is considering "mislabeling," wouldn't the dollar be a good place to start?—Sen. Norris Cotton (R-N.H.)

If the President does not give inflation immediate attention we will not have a "Great Society," nor a country as we have known it for 190 years.—Alphons W. Berning, San Diego.

If an education's worth having, it's worth paying for.—Assemblyman John L. E. Collier, South Pasadena.

Until there is a greater respect for law and order and the law enforcement agents, we will have a country that is but a hair's breadth from anarchy.—Joseph M. Kelly, Newark, Alameda County.

State-paid hospital care for the wounded criminal is free to him, yet the victims who live must help pay for it.—Chester Manaffie, San Francisco.

Morning Report:

Abe Mellinkoff

Lyndon Johnson is commander-in-chief of the armed services it says in black and white right there in the Constitution. But the Founding Fathers didn't figure on Viet Nam. Congress has been giving Commander-in-chief Johnson a bad time. He can no longer close an absolute, unnecessary fort in any of our 50 states without making a deal with the Congressman involved. And maybe a Senator or two as well. He is being given power to call up 190,000 Reservists he doesn't want. And his leader in the Senate Mike Mansfield, asked him to hop off to the Caribbean and talk peace with General de Gaulle. Mr. Johnson's trouble is that he is a commander-in-chief without a declared war but with declared elections on the books for November.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Hollywood Gossip Wrong On 'Hello Trolley' Title

Marlon Brando observed (while forking up the Lobster Cantonesse at San Francisco's Trader Vic's): now 40, he dresses in the square, sober manner of one who doesn't care about clothes, wears a skin-diver's watch, smokes an off-brand of mentholated cigarettes, drinks vodka and Bitter Lemon ("with the lemon in a separate glass, please"), has a low opinion of Chaplin as a person but admires him as an artist, smiles rarely but lights up the room when he does, has the usual trouble with his eight-yr-old son, Christian ("take that chewing gum out of your mouth, straighten up, stop kicking me under the table"), seemed oblivious that every chief targets are young Chinese who wear Western-style tight pants. In the West, young men who wear tight pants are considered rather radical and are attacked, at least figuratively, by conservatives. To quote a New York lady fashion writer: "The press has never been remiss in deprecating the follies of the female sex in style of apparel, but the popinjay style now in vogue

for men is more ridiculous than anything the women ever wore. What can ever make tolerable, much less comely, the appendages of a human crane, wound about with cloth so tight as to stop the circulation? The swell who adopts the present style of pantaloons can neither stoop nor sit down without positive danger of an exposure of his person from ruptures caused by tension. . . . Nothing a woman ever wore will compare in folly with tight breeches on a bandy-legged human biped."

Boggles the mind, reels the brain: We read that in

San Francisco

Peking, bands of terroristic youths have been roaming the streets, attacking non-conformists. We would call these youths radicals, but by Maoist standards, they're conservatives. Among their chief targets are young Chinese who wear Western-style tight pants. In the West, young men who wear tight pants are considered rather radical and are attacked, at least figuratively, by conservatives. To quote a New York lady fashion writer:

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That appeared in the New York Herald in 1876. In Peking, it's right up to date. Quote of the day (via sober old Associated Press): "Tight slacks worn by a woman worker idled more than 300 men for the second day at a plywood mill in went to strike, insisting 35-year-old Miss Pat Morris should have been given written notice if the employer found her too distracting, Miss Morris, who was fired, said: "I feel terrible about it, but I must say all the men are behind me." Not a chest man in the crowd?"

ROYCE BRIER

It Took Man 2,300 Years To Get Rare Earth Photo

If you know a little of the mental state of ancient man, you would say offhand his descendants would not in calculable time take photograph of the planet earth from the moon.

Yet they have done it in about 2,300 years, and arbitrary figure, as you will see. Out Lunar Orbiter, which is circling the moon at about 120 miles, turned a camera into space and caught the earth 240,000 miles distant.

It was an old saying the ancients thought the earth was flat, but this applied only to the masses, not to certain gifted Greeks. Philolaus, a Pythagorean who flourished about 460 B. C. (hence the 2,300 years) was among the first to propound the motion of the earth, and to offer a fair guess on the mechanics of the Solar System.

For going on 2,000 years this concept of spheres circling the sun was a secret possessed by a few men of each generation, and as it conflicted with prevailing religious doctrine, it was

dangerous to spread it about.

No Philolaus could see the moon and the sun, and he knew the planets differed from the stars, but he could not see the planetary discs, which had to await Galileo's telescope.

Now we know the exact masses and motions of the

World Affairs

planets, and their larger satellites, and something of their surface environments. Indeed, until now we have known more about how the moon looks as a disc, than we have known how the earth looks spinning in space.

The Orbiter picture of the earth is not good enough really to stir our imaginations. It shows the planet in a phase, like a lunar phase, about one quarter in sunlight. Moreover, the area visible has an obscuring cloud cover, and it is probably shot at too great a distance to bring out satisfactory detail of continent

and ocean, even if there were a break in the cover over some large areas.

As we gaze up at the blue, transparent sky, most of us are unaware how negligible a part of the earth's surface is involved. It would be exceedingly rare if a quarter of the earth, or even an eighth, were free of cloud systems generated by our tumultuous atmosphere.

But it might be possible to photograph whole continents, or extensive, recognizable coastlines, with luck and planning. It would seem the project should be, not an Apollo by product, but a deliberate maneuvered effort. Perhaps the camera should be orbiting on the order of 50,000 - 100,000 miles. Then, thousands of pictures should be taken successively over several days, to catch a few where the cloud system would be torn to reveal terrestrial features.

The hitch in such an enterprise is that there is little national prestige in it. Scientists are not panting to show you our cosmic home, as, goaded by politicians, they are panting to beat the Russians to the moon. It would be costly, with no practical benefit. The picture might be stunning and majestic, but it would be no good, like a Turner firmament of Michelangelo's 'The Last Judgment'.

Quote

If it were possible to have a national anthem that got people all fired up for peace, I'd be for it 100 percent.—Joseph O. Kern, Los Angeles, on "Star Spangled Banner."

If it's somebody who's going the same direction as you are, at the same pace, then beautiful.—Kim Novak, actress-recluse, on Marriage.

As a voter in this election year I am a source of apprehension for Congress and the President. A rare and exhilarating feeling of power.—Audiss Waite Bohrer, Claremont, Calif., on "hot potato" tactics in the air strike settlement.

It is important to teach students that mistakes are normal and progress is not made by avoiding them.—Prof. William B. Shockley, Stanford University.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Santa Vittoria's Secret Was Only Asset in Town

How do you uncover greatness in a town so poor that a man will provoke another man into an argument just so that his donkey can be eating the other man's grass while they argue? The scene is Santa Vittoria, an isolated hill town south of Rome in 1943. A community of vines and wine, it was not concerned with the possibility that German forces might occupy it, for there was nothing in Santa Vittoria for the Germans. "There's nothing here for us," its mayor shrugged. There was wine, but without the wine God Himself could not invent a reason for this village.

"The Secret of Santa Vittoria," a first novel by Robert Crichton, bubbles with wine, life, intrigue, humor and compassion. I have read nothing quite like it since "A Bell for Adano," John Hersey's 1944 novel about an American officer's attempt to secure a new bell for a Sicilian church which was damaged in the war.

"Santa Vittoria" is a larger, more intricately plotted work than the Hersey book. Yet for all the humor and life juices in it, an element of wartime terror and brutality lies always under its surface.

The story is based, the author will have up believe, on notes made by an American airman who could not stand his role in bombing Italian villages; deserted one day by parachute; took up residence in Santa Vittoria to become political ad-

viser to its mayor. The mayor, central figure in the novel's maddest sequences, is a bumbling wine merchant, Bombolini, who reached his position quite by accident when, drunk, he climbed the community water tower to rub out pro-fascist slogans.

When an occupying force of eight German soldiers arrives, it is Bombolini who emerges the hero of the town and of the book. The Germans are after the wine of Santa Vittoria, and the secret of the village is

where the townsfolk have managed to hide a million bottles of it. The showdown between Bombolini and the aristocratic German officer is the stuff of first-rate melodrama. The whole thing, in this year of "The Valley of the Dolls" and Harold Robbins' "The Adventurers," is a great success and one of the summer's most agreeable entertainments.

No recapitulation of Crichton's intricately woven plot can do his book justice. The point is that he managed to reach the hearts of his villagers with sympathy and respect. Never, in all the foolishness with which this book abounds, does the author allow his people to become cartoon characters—which, in the person of Bombolini especially, would have been an easy thing to do.

My sole objection to the book is that Crichton has allowed it to run on just a little too long. Yet this is an impressive debut of a novelist who obviously enjoyed the people he was writing about—a rarity in itself these days.